Robert Cradoulle Nicholls Esq
with Mrs Paul Butler Compliments
& best thanks.

THE LEGEND

OF

SIR NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON.

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EDITED, AND RESTORED FROM VARIOUS MSS.,

BY THE LATE

JOHN GOUGH NICHOLS, F.S.A.

LONDON:
NICHOLS AND SONS, 25, PARLIAMENT STREET.

MDCCCLXXIV.

The Roxburghe Club.

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TO THE PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS

OF

The Roxburghe Club

THE LEGEND OF SIR NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON

(RESTORED FROM MSS. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM
AND IN THE POSSESSION OF SIR N. W. THROCKMORTON, BART., NOT BEFORE PRINTED)

IS DEDICATED AND PRESENTED

BY THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT,

PAUL BUTLER.

UPPER ECCLESTON STREET, BELGRAVE SQUARE,
Whitsuntide, 1874.

THE late Mr. John Gough Nichols was engaged in editing this curious Poem very shortly before his death, which will be especially lamented by all Members of the Roxburghe Club.

He had collected materials for a much more extended Preface, of a genealogical rather than of a literary character; and had intended to have added a Glossary.

To him the best thanks of the writer are due for the great trouble bestowed on the editing of this work. His thanks are also due to Sir N. W. Throckmorton, Bart., for the loan of two MSS. of this Poem, in which the life of his distinguished ancestor is related.

P. B.

PREFACE.

This remarkable Poem has been once before published, but with numberless alterations which very much impaired its integrity. The Rev. Francis Peck, M.A. the Historian of Stamford, followed the example of the better-known Tom Hearne in his zeal as an Editor, not merely in compiling his *Desiderata Curiosa* (published in 1732, 1735, and reprinted in 1779), but also in attaching to his other works such historical pieces as he deemed worthy of publication, however heterogeneous in character from the principal subject of the book he might have in hand. In this discordant way *The Legend of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton* is appended to Peck's *Life of Milton.* (1740, 4to.)

The copy from which Mr. Peck derived it was communicated to him by Edward Parteriche, Esq. of Ely, at the request of Dr. Samuel Knight, Archdeacon of Berks. Mr. Parteriche had "found it, laid up, as a family relique, among his father's papers," his father having been grandson of Catharine, one of the four daughters and coheirs of Sir Arthur Throckmorton and wife of Sir Edward Parteriche of Bridge in Kent. Sir Arthur was the son and heir of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, the hero of the Poem.

This Parteriche MS. however, was in a miserable state, as described by Mr. Peck, and he took very great liberties with it.

It was "wrote with very bad ink, in many places now almost worn out and obliterated, and transcribed at first, as appears by the frequent mistakes in it, from a very faulty copy by two persons who could neither of them well make it out. It is (he adds) one of the blindest things I ever undertook to set to rights; yet, by considering the sense and measure as I went along, I hope I have pretty well retrieved it, and thereby, if I err not, preserved a very great curiosity. My design at first was to have given this Poem *verbatim* as it stands in the manuscript; but, upon running it over, I perceived that if I did so the text would have been almost nothing but mere nonsense. Besides, every line almost would have required a note to show the alterations I have been forced to make in it, to bring it to sense and measure. Matters therefore standing thus, I resolved to take a little more liberty with it, and to publish it, as I have now done, as perfect as I could make it by conjecture."

For similar reasons to those alleged by Mr. Peck it is scarcely worth while to notice his own various readings, now that other and better copies of the Poem have been found, further than to remark that his alterations were almost uniformly for the worse. Without denying the attention with which he weighed both "the sense and measure," or disparaging his ingenuity in supplying what he deemed deficient, it may well be imagined, as is the case, that the general result was to modify the language of the poet to those forms of expression more prevalent in the last than the preceding century.

The text of the present edition is in the main adopted from a transcript made by the Rev. William Cole in 1762, and now preserved among his collections in the British Museum (Addit. MS. 5841). Mr. Cole was the Rector of Bletchley in Buckinghamshire, where he had frequent intercourse with his neighbour Mr. Throckmorton, of Weston Underwood, the eldest son of Sir Robert, the fourth Baronet, and he gladly availed himself of that opportunity to enrich his historical and genealogical collections from the stores of so ancient and distinguished a family. Among the MSS. communicated to him for this object was a copy of the Poem, which he transcribed, having Peck's version also in view, but retaining the old orthography, which Peck had modernised.* The result is

* Mr. Cole did not accomplish his task without encountering considerable difficulties, which he has recorded in the following passages :—

"Dec. 3, 1762. My worthy and much respected friend George Throckmorton, Esq. of Weston Underwood in Buckinghamshire, and eldest son of Sir Robert Throckmorton, Baronet, having lent me above a year ago a Folio MS. out of his library, marked *F* 2, *No.* 2, containing many detached papers relating to his family, with a pedigree of the same, and the Legend of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton wrote in verse by himself [Cole then entertained this misapprehension] at the end of the same MS., which is faultily printed in some places by Mr. Francis Peck, I shall transcribe the whole, and add in the course of it what observations and materials I have occasionally made on the same Family, always putting within crotchets what is not in the MS. and of my production, for I have taken the coats of arms in the windows of Weston, and have a few MS. notes of some of the family buried in other places, together with a MS. Pedigree in Mr. Browne Willis's handwriting, and his account of the parish of Weston in my vol. xxxviii. p. 405, all which I shall collect together, and add here and there what is to the purpose out of printed books relating to this most ancient and wealthy family.—W. C" (Addit. MS. 5841, p. 185).

"If Mr. Parteriche's MS. of the Poem (used by Peck) was so faulty and improper, that at Mr. Throckmorton's at Weston, which I intended to transcribe, is as bad; hardly

altogether a text certainly much more perfect than that produced by Peck.

It has been the aim of the present Editor to restore the Poem as much as possible to its original diction and character. For this purpose some other copies have been available; but they are all more or less faulty, and unfortunately the author's manuscript is not known to be extant.

Sir William Throckmorton has had the kindness to communicate a copy preserved at Congleton in a small quarto volume, which contains some other manuscripts of family interest, and is covered on its sides with pieces of needlework representing roses and other flowers in coloured worsted. This needlework is of the Elizabethan age; but the MS. of the Poem which they inclose is of a considerably later date. It is entitled *The Life and Death of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, Transcribed Anno Domini* 1718. This date has been subsequently altered to 1618, but the penmanship disproves that intended correction. In another copy, seen by Mr. Cole, in a transcript of the same heading, the year 1678 is mentioned instead. It would seem, then, that the author's manuscript was first transcribed either in 1678 or in 1718, and that all the known copies have been derived from that transcript.

In a volume of the Earl of Oxford's collection in the British

a line without a fault; not a stop through the whole; and it is impossible that the person who transcribed it should understand what he wrote or hardly the language he wrote in. However, bad as it is, I have corrected some faults in the printed copy by it; but cannot think of transcribing it at present, as it would take up so much time, and want so many notes for various readings."—(Ibid. p. 253.)

Museum (Harl. MS. 6353) is a copy in very fair penmanship,* which is headed, *The Life and Death of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, Transcribed Anno Domini* . . . . (the year being omitted). Still, this is not on the whole more accurate than the others, but it has supplied one or two restorations of the text.

The Poem as a composition has unquestionably great merit. Its general style is very much like that of the well-known Elizabethan poet Thomas Churchyard, one of the authors of *The Mirour for Magistrates:* a book in which, as in the present, the departed spirits of the great men of former times are throughout introduced to relate their history and to utter complaints of their worldly ill-fortune.

The ensuing pages are full of proverbial and sententious expressions, and of the colloquial phrases which were formerly in use, and have only in a small proportion descended to our own day. But, besides the curiosity of such expressions, the spirit in which the Poet has woven them together is to be admired, and there are passages which may be regarded as not surpassed in merit by many of his contemporaries. His character of Queen Katharine Parr, and his commendation of the Princess Elizabeth, are among the most curious; and, as Peck remarked, "from stanza 189 to the end of stanza 215 he gives us many beautiful touches, and rises as it were above himself."

* Upon the title-page of this is the autograph name of *Anne Fortescue.* The same name was also written in a *Life of Edward Throckmorton* (a Jesuit), which is copied by Cole in his forty-fourth volume. Addit. MS. 635, p. 289.

It would be extraordinary indeed if so able a writer composed this Poem and no other, and yet we are not able to identify him further than by conjecture.

Commencing in the first person, he represents himself as falling asleep, and being addressed in a vision by his uncle's spirit. The spirit becomes his own biographer in all that follows until the last few concluding lines, in which he leaves his nephew with advice to which the latter has no opportunity of replying. The uncle is clearly no other than Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, all the prominent incidents of whose career are related; but, as he had several nephews, the person addressed is not clearly ascertained. And there arises this question, Was the author actually in the position of relationship that he assumes to be, or was he some one who adopted that character, as a poetical vehicle of addressing his advice to a nephew of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton?

It is not unreasonable to conclude that the Poet was actually a nephew of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton. It is very apparent that he possessed a large acquaintance with the traditional history of the family, though in two or three places he may be detected in historical errors, such as naturally arise in all oral tradition. There is nothing more probable than that some senior member of the family—some old lady, perhaps, with all that retentive memory for such matters which so often distinguishes the female sex—had found an eager listener in an ardent and aspiring youth of the rising generation, who, fond of poetry, determined to commemorate his uncle's ambitious career in heroic verse.

One evident mistake as to the authorship of the Poem, which could only have been made by a reader who dipped into its substance without regarding either its commencement or conclusion, has yet been transmitted from one book to another in the most heedless fashion. To the biographical notices of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, given in Wotton's Baronetage, 1741, vol. ii. p. 258, it is added, "He left his own life in verse, written as is supposed in his imprisonment, and is now in the library at Weston." This statement is repeated in later Baronetages, as is that by Kimber and Johnson, 1771, vol. i. p. 482, and in that by Betham, 1801, vol. i. p. 491. Even Mr. Baker, the historian of Northamptonshire (vol. ii. p. 201), was misled by it, for he, quoting Wotton, writes, "He left his own life in verse, written as is supposed during his imprisonment, and which was in the library at Weston in 1741, but is not now known to be in possession of the family." Baker evidently had never seen anything of the poem, and seems to have made a fruitless inquiry for it; but Lipscombe, the historian of Buckinghamshire (vol. iv. pp. 400, 403), errs still more egregiously, for he persists in attributing the authorship to Sir Nicholas himself, though he quotes five stanzas of the poem for the Gentleman's Magazine for 1793, where it had been explicitly detailed that the Poem was edited by Peck in 1740, and attributed by him to "Sir Thomas Throckmorton."

Peck appears to have hastily adopted the name of "Sir Thomas Throckmorton," because that nephew occurred most prominently in the pedigree as the son and heir of Sir Nicholas's eldest brother; but upon no other reliable grounds. Altogether the title prefixed

by Peck was not happily conceived. It is in these words: "*The Legend of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, Kt.* Chief Butler of England and Chamberlain of the Exchequer, who died of poison, A.D. 1570. An Historical Poem. By (his nephew) Sir Thomas Throckmorton, of Littleton, in Com. Warw. Kt." In the first place, the term "Legend" seems to imply somewhat of romantic fiction, though afterwards balanced by the words "an Historical Poem." Next, the parade of Sir Nicholas's inferior and almost sinecure offices is ill-judged, but still more misplaced is the assertion "who died of poison," for the poem itself hints at nothing of the kind. Further, Thomas Throckmorton was not a knight, but died an esquire, as his epitaph shows; * and lastly Littleton, though on the borders of Warwickshire, is really in the county of Worcester. Besides, there is nothing to show that Thomas Throckmorton ever was "of Littleton."

The name of this place is derived from the last line of the penultimate stanza (as printed by Peck):—

And thou in Littleton may'st safely dwell.

to which Peck appended this note:—

Littleton, not far from Biddeford in Warwickshire, near Evesham in Worcestershire.

Now "Littleton" certainly occurs in all the copies of the Poem, but it is no where to be found in the Throckmorton genealogies, nor does Nash, in his *History of Worcestershire*, under

* Hic jacet Thomas Throckmorton, armiger, qui obiit 13° die Martis, Anno Domini 1614, ætatis suæ 81. (In the church at Weston Underwood.)

Littleton, mention the name of Throckmorton. This does not absolutely disprove that a Throckmorton may have resided there, because Nash's description of the place is brief and unsatisfactory, still some corroborative evidence is under the circumstances requisite.

But, before we follow the clue afforded by this name of a place, we may put aside the claim of authorship asserted on behalf of Mr. Thomas Throckmorton as inconsistent with the little that is recorded of his history. He is known to have been a staunch adherent to the ancient faith, and on that account to have passed a great part of a long life in restraint and repeated imprisonment. But the sentiments of the poet are evidently in the contrary direction: see particularly stanza 135, in which he speaks of Queen Mary's "superstition," his mention of "the spiteful Papist" in stanza 161, and many other passages, in which he appears entirely to sympathise with the Protestant principles adopted by Sir Nicholas himself.

The family of Throckmorton, like many others in the century following the Reformation, had members who maintained very opposite views. There was one nephew of Sir Nicholas, Job Throckmorton (a son of Clement), whose sentiments were so strongly in favour of Puritanism that a principal share in the production of the Martin Mar-prelate pamphlets is attributed to him. He was *vir doctus et facetè dicax*, as characterised by Camden, and, if he were known to have written poetry, might be not unreasonably thought to be the author for whom we are in search.

Anthony Throckmorton, the youngest brother of Sir Nicholas, was of Chastleton in Oxfordshire at the time of the Heralds' Visitation of that county in 1574, and he had a son John, who became Clerk to the House of Lords. There are errors in the MSS. far more gross than a misreading of *Littleton* for Chastleton would be, and it may be discovered, on further inquiry, that it was John Throckmorton who, when living in retirement at Chastleton, amused his vacant hours by recounting his uncle's history.

THROCKMORTON'S GHOST.

1.

In bed I lay, forecasting how to live,
  Devising means by credit to arise;
Then haughtie heart 'gainst base estate did strive,
  And I suppos'd the meaner sort unwise;
Sith every man doth frame his proper lot,
The poorest soul is still the simplest sot.

2.

Dislodging thoughts, and falling to my rest,
  Morpheus scarce had muffled up myne eye,
But in a dreame a man his stepps addrest
  Anerst my bed: whom when I did espie,
Wann were my looks, appall'd with suddaine feare:
Yet, as he spoke, I layde a listning eare,

3.

And heard him say, Who know not, warning neede;
  Young years are prone in slipp'ry ways to slide.
Attend my words, and let them stand in stead
  Of beaten path young hare-brain'd heads to guide.
Thou hop'st, by hap, some favour for to finde;
But all in vaine: thou sails't against the winde.

4.

I see for thee it is not to attempt
  Those luckie chances others doe atchieve,
For Fortune long agone hath quite exempt
  Thee from the rest she meant for to relieve,
And roll'd thee in a register with those
Whose cheifest joys consist in deepest woes.

5.

In deepest woes thy dreery dolefull days
  Shall droop away, though life doe still endure;
Whose wished end thy froward fate delays
  Because it were the salve of all thy cure.
But, sith the Heavens ordeine soe from on high,
Thou then shall live when fayne thou wouldest dye.

6.

Aghast I stared; my haire did stand upright;
  For all the space he held me by the arme:
The sentence hard, but stranger seem'd the sight;
  Till by his words I knew he meant noe harme.
Abandon dread (quoth he); for good I came:
Assure thyself; sith I thy Uncle am.

7.

Who's past the streights best knowes the thorough-fare:
  Who wades the ford, cann better strangers teach:
The fencer best to break a thrust declares;
  Who saw the theife can best of all impeach.
Then blamelesse I who bear the Circe's cup
Whose poison sweet first made me thereof sup.

8.

The monster kept in labyrinth slew all,
  Save only him* who had the clew of thrid.
Thou can'st not pass one year without a fall,
  Unlesse thou takest that council which I bidd.
A warninge may shew thee to sett thy feet
That in the end thou need'st not them to fleet.

9.

Attentive ear lend unto me a space;
  The marking mind the profit bears away:
Forbeare thy sleepe to heare discourse a race
  Of him who ran, although he rann astray.
And all the world my life and facts that knew,
Shall witnesse bare how my report is true.

10.

A brother fourth, and far from hope of land,
  By parents' heast, I served as a page
To Richmond's Duke, and waited, still at hand,
  For feare of blowes, which happen'd in his rage.
In France with him I liv'd most carelessly,
And learn'd the tongue, tho' nothing readily.

11.

But let me shew what crooked chance befell
  For me to taste amidst my childish yeares,
Attaynders came; a wofull tale to tell,
  And needs must now rehearse the same with teares,
How break-neck Wolfe, that once suckt sweet of prey,
Could never leave untill his dying day.

* Theseus.

12.

For, after that resolved stood the King.
  To take a new, and leave his wedded Wife;
My Uncle* was a mean to work the thing
  By Reynold Poole, who brued all the strife,
And then at Rome did work the contrary:
Which drave the King at home to tyranny.

13.

He marking how that Poole, and others moe,
  Did hinder him from getting a Divorce,
Of Romish Church then made an overthrow,
  And had of such a small or noe remorse.
Straight by his lawes he banisht out the Pope;
And Prelates wore for tippett Tyborne rope.

14.

When Exeter and Poole had lost their heads,
  Who thought it much that change should spring of lust:
Then ladyes scorn'd to dye in downed beds;
  And people feign'd soe far as well they durst.
But where the Prince doth reign by cruelty,
There subjects fawne, and fall to flattery.

15.

Thus were great peers brought to the chopping feast,
  With diverse more, whose bloud would make a stream.
Yet not content, he sent to have the rest
  To execute his bloudy stratagem;
But wiser they; who, sith their friends sped ill,
Thought better sure themselves to save than spill.

* Michael Throckmorton.

16.

Yet, for contempt, they all did penance pay:
  Amongst which crew my Uncle Michael one;
Who lost his lands and all for making stay.
  But, by good happ, he was not all alone.
And then he found that friendly company
Is greatest help to man in misery.

17.

My Father's foes clapt him through cankered hate
  In Tower fast, and gap'd to joynt his neck.
They were in hope for to obteine a mate
  Who heretofore had laboured for a check.
Yea, Grevills griev'd him ill without a cause,
Who hurt not them, nor yet the Prince's lawes.

18.

Then flatterers, that fawn'd for to be fed,
  Eftsoons appear'd, as dolphins in a shower,
Who lye unknowne, with close dissembling head,
  Till Fortune hides her merry looks, and lowre.
Adversity shews gold exchang'd for drosse,
And makes them see their love is layde to losse.

19.

Our friends were huft, our foes were in their ruffe:
  Fear to offend made many seeme soe coy:
When Prince displeas'd had ta'en a thing in snuff,
  There were that rann the wounded to destroy.
Yet manly mind the sinking held by chin,
Though currish crews sought means to keep them in.

20.

Thus ev'ry thing did run against the haire;
  Our name disgrac'd, and wee, but witlesse boys,
Did deeme it hard such crosses then to beare;
  Our mindes more fitt to deale with childish toyes.
But troubles are of perfect witt the schooles:
And life at will feeds men as fat as fooles.

21.

Then Care and I were linkt in youthfull prime;
  My streams of joys were stopped with the damm
Of Prince's wrath; I, fatherless a time,
  Had friends but few, and masterlesse became:
This latter losse was cause that old griefes grew,
As scars, scant heal'd, by every wrench renew.

22.

Our sun eclipsed a long time did not shine;
  No joys approacht neer unto Coughton House:
My sisters they did nothing else but whyne;
  My mother lookt much like a drowned mouse.
No butter then would stick upon our bread:
Wee all did feare the losse of Father's head.

23.

While flocking foes to worke our bane were bent;
  While thunder claps of angry Jove did last;
Then to Lord Parr my Mother saw me sent:
  Soe with her Brother I was safely plac'd.
Of almes he kept me in extremitie,*
Who did misdoubt a worse calamitie.

* *i. e.* Out of charity he kept me in my extremity, I dreading a worse calamity.

24.

Quite voide of hope, and drowned in despaire,
  We saw no cause which once might make us glad;
But signes enough that wee should still impare,
  And want noe crosse whereby to make us sad.
Yett, when wee thought our state would never mend,
Unlooked for, our sorrowes had an end.

25.

If patients, when that they are brought most lowe,
  Find present death or present remedie;
If ebbing streames beginn againe to flowe:
  Then soe it is with man in miserie.
The stormy haile, which patters thick on tyle,
Doth never last the going of a mile.

26.

For when the King's fifth wife had lost her head,
  Yet he mislik'd the life to live alone,
And, once resolv'd the sixth time for to wed,
  He sought outright to make his choice of one:
That choice was chance right happie for us all:
Itt brued our blisse, and ridd us quite from thrall.

27.

Oh luckie looks that fawn'd on Katharine Parr!
  A woman rare, her like but seldome seene.
To Burrough first, next unto Latimer
  She widow was; and then became a Queene.
My mother pray'd her Neice with watery eyes,
To ridd both her, and hers, from endlesse cryes.

28.

She, willing of herselfe to doe us goode,
  Sought out the means her Uncle's life to save ; *
And, when the King was in the pleasing moode,
  She humbly then her suit begann to crave.
With wooinge times denyalls disagree,
She spake, and sped : my Father was sett free.

29.

And, as the shipp that sticketh fast in ground
  Doth rise with th' flood, and floateth out apace,
Soe wee, that once in deepest dumps were drown'd,
  In Court begann to shew a cheerfull face.
This was the spring of all our budding joyes
Which laught to scorne the winter of annoyes.

30.

The frost did thaw which nipt our growth with cold ;
  The heat of sunn did make us budd againe ;
The winde and waves our course which did with-hold
  Did drive us to the wished port amayne.
The Prince's wrath was pacify'd and gone ;
His favour grew ; which caus'd us spring annon.

31.

Loe ! then my Brethren, Clement, George, and I,
  Did seeke, as youth doe still, in Court to be.
Each other state, as base, wee did defye,
  Compar'd with Court, the nurse of dignitie.
'Tis truely said, Noe fishing to the Sea's ;
Noe serving to a King's—if you cann please.

* Sir George Throckmorton had married Katharine Vaux, maternal aunt of the Queen.

32.

If vintners use at first to sell good wine;
  If nothing sweepes soe cleane as newest broome;
If naughtie cloth at first seemes smooth and fine;
  Then soe it is with every new-come groome,
Whose paynes at first by double forwardnesse
Doth hide the blott of faultie sloathfullnesse.

33.

Those samples taught us, at our entrance in,
  That doing well should be our cheif defence:
And soe wee thought some favour for to winn
  By meeke demeanour, and by diligence.
Wee wish'd to please, wee feared to offend;
Wee saw the Prince's wrath brought heavy end.

34.

Wee tooke greate paines, when kindled hope did flame
  From youthfull breastes, swolne with ambition.
Wee laboured much for to advance our name,
  And daylie gap'd to get promotion.
Wee serv'd in hope, and hoped not in vaine;
The King's good will for guerdon wee did gaine;

35.

Whose wrath is worse than death, by man's account:
  For whome the Prince mislikes, them most men hate;
And whome he fancies, he doth make to mount:
  And none alive shall have soe happie state.
Thrice happie she that made us happie then!
For wee did rise as well as other men.

36.

First in the Court my brother Clement serv'd:
A fee hee had the Queene her cupp to bring.
And some suppos'd that I right well deserv'd,
When Sewer they saw me chose unto the King.
My brother George in youth, by valour rare,
A pension gott, and gallant halbert bare.*

37.

Now when our joyes were newlie sett abroach,
The King did loathe to live soe lazilie;
Wherefore he was thus bold as to encroach
The borders of his proved enemy.
Hee knew Frenchmen us'd leagues of amitie
As cloakes, to hide some coyned treacherie.

38.

Their truces daylie made, but never kept,
Were proofes and patternes of dishonestie.
By mocking of the King his wrath they heapt,
That never meant to putt up injurie.
Ill angring of a waspe, or waspishe Kinge;
For ill abye where they bestowe their stinge.

39.

And sure for this the faithlesse French did pay
A just reward of fained flatterie.
How oft were they to Englishmen a prey!
Still loosing goods, and townes, by infamie.
But I will onlie telle howe that our Leige,
In royal person, Bulloigne did beseige.†

* *i. e.* became a Gentleman Pensioner. † In July 1544.

40.

With whome there marcht a troope of Englishe traine,
  Whose forward mindes, not bridled by mistrust,
But pricked forth for honour or for gaine,
  Headlong themselves to thousand perills thrust.
There three of us did serve in royall band :
The fourth did waite upon Northumberland.*

41.

And, when our camp to pitch their tents was bent,
  The rattling shott did flye about our eares.
The bullets thick, as messengers, were sent,
  To plant within our hearts some flying feares.
They ply'd it hard. For why ? the French blood rose
That in despight we lodg'd so neare their nose.

42.

Our armie, first, was forced to defende
  The painfull pioneers, who trenches made ;
Which once dispacht, a double gain did lende :
  A sheild from foes, and from the sun a shade.
Next after that a mount was rais'd in haste
Where all the greatest ordinance was plac'd.

43.

Loe ! then the batterie begann with speed !
  On either side was sending still of shott,
Noe sparing one another's blood to sheede,
  While warr dothe laste, or skirmishes be hott.
Few Frenchmen peep'd or lookt us in the face
But felt our shaftes let flying strait apace.

* John Dudley, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, but then only Viscount Lisle.

44.

Our culverins such knocking peales addrest,
  Our bombards from the mount did never cease:
Our sackers, double, canons, and the rest,
  Breake downe their walls; and we did still increase.
As fish for water, soe they gap'd for aide:
But all reliefe, by force of foes, was stayde.

45.

When that a month we hadd beseig'd the towne;
  When victuals, men, and powder waxed scant;
When all their forts were well nigh beaten downe;
  When noe supplie came to relieve their want:
Then all agreed them and their towne to yeilde:
For they doe hate to fight a pitched feilde.

46.

They call'd a parley: whereof this was the ende;
  That they with bagg and baggage might depart,
But when the King did thereto condescende,
  It griev'd the greedie soldiers to the heart.
Yett soe the King obtein'd the victorie:
Renowned of his foes for clemencie.

47.

Hee safe return'd, and left a garrison
  To fence the towne, with batterie weakened.
Amongst which crewe my brother George was one,
  Whoe all the seige two hundred souldiers ledd.
His warrlike heart desired there to staye;
'Till Frenchmen caught his bodie for a prey.

48.

Our countrie-men, now flesht, did leape for joye;
  Per force they held the towne that they had wonn,
Maugre the French, that sought them to annoye;
  Butt all in vaine; for little harme was done.
The Dolphin, Rhyngrave, and the Lord of Beize,
Did oft assayle; and commonlye did leese.

49.

Naught maketh man soe bold as good successe;
  For George, that scap'd in seige, did venture farr:
Hee pricked forth his prauncer to the presse
  Of Frenchmen's camp, whereas he tooke a scarr;
And when he saw himselfe amongst his foes,
It was truce boot to bid him lay on blowes.

50.

Two more were ta'en with him in selfe-same plight,
  Who thought, belike, for to subdue an hoste:
But such as venture rashlie for to fight,
  Come all too soone, as they did, to their coste.
Their courage nowe was cool'd; their haste made waste:
As prisoners they in dungeon darke were caste.

51.

Then leisure and occasion bidd them write
  Some mournfull verse to wayle their evill happ:
And Englishmen, their damage to requite,
  In skirmishing, the next day, at a clapp,
Tooke seven-score captives of the French away:
Such usurie their luck was then to pay.

52.

In treaties came, which did conclude a peace,
When Bulloigne had spoke English for a yeare.
Eight hundred thousand crownes was her release:
And captives thought their ransome very deare:
If in eight yeares their fine they did not bring,
Their towne should rest as subject to our King.

53.

A thousand pounds our brother George redeem'd:
Yet then an hundred pounds and he were wide.
With golden weights they priz'd him, as it seem'd,
For that he was unto the King allyed.
They knew he Captaine was; they learnt his name:
Yea all, and more, was known by flying Fame.

54.

The King deliver'd Frenchmen two or three,
By such exchange our brother to discharge.
He found in prison payne; but once sett free
Did much commend the life that lives at large.
Home he return'd, and many welcomes hadd:
Safelie to see him heere his friendes were gladd.

55.

When first in Presence-Chamber he was come
The King saide, Welcome, George, unto our grace;
I know thou lov'st th' alarum of a drum;
I see the markes of manhood in thy face.
Hee, humblie kneeling, thank'd his Majestie,
That he had got him sett at libertie.

56.

And often after that the King would jeast,
  And call him Cosen, in a merry moode,
Because therefore the Frenchmen had assest
  His fine soe high : which turned him to good.
His foes did say in serving he was free,
And for reward the Prince gave land in fee.

57.

Then none of us did unrewarded goe :
  I hadd a guift yerelie worth fiftie pound.
Which I recite, because thou shouldest knowe,
  I hate received benefits to drownd.
Besides I had a stipend for my life,
Who shortlie left the Court, and tooke a wife.

58.

And nowe, because the King and Queene did use
  By friendlie signes their likeing to displaye,
What men our companie would then refuse ?
  Our betters then with us did seeke to staye.
For loe ! it is a path to dignitie
With Cæsar's friends to be in amitie.

59.

Then Pembroke, and his Wife, whoe sister was
  Unto the Queene, their kinsfolke friended much ;
And Parr, their brother, did them both surpasse :
  Whoe, for to pleasure us, did never grudge.
Nowe when these call'd us Cousin at each word,
The other peeres would friendlie speeche afforde.

60.

In manie suites their helpe did us avayle;
  Few things, or none, that time with us spedd ill.
Our shipp new calk'd begann to beare a sayle;
  And wee had winde and weather at our will.
All men gave us faire wordes of courtesie,
An hound that dry-foot hunts prosperitie.

61.

This was the time that wee acquaintance gott
  Throughout the realme, of such as bore the swaye.
The beames of shining sunn were very hott,
  Whose warmth begann at setting to decaye.
Which setting sudden was: Death did surprize
Our King, yea then when most wee look'd to rise.

62.

This warlike King, borne sure to victorie,
  Did never dangerous battle undertake,
But he did triumph on his enemie;
  Whose name once known did make his foes to quake.
The King in France, the Queene at Flodden Feilde,
Wann both; at once Frenchmen and Scotts did yeilde.

63.

When cruel Atropos had stopt his breath:
  When he interred lay in Windsor towne:
Then was our edge abated by his death,
  Wee anchor cast: our sayles were pulled downe:
Wee fear'd a storme; which vanisht in the ayre:
The cloudes consum'd, the skye prov'd verie faire.

64.

King Edward, crowned in his infancie,
  All Popishe lawes and rites did straight with-stand.
Those dayes did rule the mightie Tres-Viri,
  Protector, Pembroke, and Northumberland.
But, sith I dare not touch the Common-Weale,
Yett with myselfe I may be bolde to deale.

65.

My sov'reign lost, the Queene I did attend
  The time that mourning widdow shee didd rest;
And while she married was, unto her end
  I willinglie obey'd her Highnesse' hest;
Whoe mee esteem'd, and thought my service good:
Whereas in truth to small effect it stoode.

66.

Her Husband fourth was uncle to the King;
  Lord Seymour, High by office Admirall:
In prayse of whome loude peales I ought to ring;
  For he was hardie, wise, and liberall.
His clymbing high disdayned by his peeres
Was thought the cause he liv'd not out his yeares.

67.

Her house was term'd a seconde Court of ryght,
  Because there flocked still nobilitie.
He spared no coste his ladie to delight,
  Or to maintaine her Princelie Royaltie.
Elizabeth, there sojourning a time,
Gave fruitfull hope, thro' blossoms' bloom in prime.

68.

For, as this Ladie was a Princesse borne,
  Soe shee in princelie virtues did excelle.
Humble shee was, and no degrees would scorne :*
  To talke with poorest soules she liked well.
The sweetest violets bud near'st the grounde :
The greatest states in lowlinesse abounde.

69.

If some of us, that waited near the Queene,
  Did ought for her, shee pass'd † in thankfullnesse.
I wonder'd at her answers, which have been
  Soe fitlie plac'd, with speedie readynesse.
Shee was dispos'd to mirth in companie :
Yett still regarding civill modestie.

70.

Virtue from her rann swiftlie, like a streame ;
  To all her friends greate joye the same did bring.
Her Latin poesie, *Semper Eadem* :
  In English, thus : *A Woman, yett noe Changelinge.*
Into a needlesse prayse why doe I rush ?
The proverbe sayes, Good wine craves not a bush.

71.

Virtue, go vaunt thyselfe, and grant me leave
  To shewe thee, how the Queene, past middle age,
Which barren was before, did then conceive,
  And bare a child ; butt layde her life to gage.
I wish my friendes in time they would foresee,
Lest, all to late, themselves examples bee.

* *i. e.* persons of no inferior degree. † *i. e.* surpassed.

72.

Butt, when my Queene laye buried in her grave,
  To Musselborough Feild* I mourning went.
The gladsome victorie to us God gave.
  Home with those tydings I, post-haste, was sent.
When joyfull message was dispatcht and done,
Beyond desert, a recompense I wonne.

73.

For Somerset Protector did vouchsafe
  My service small by writing to commend.
That I employed was, my foes didd chafe;
  It griev'd them to the gutts that he should send
Mee to the King, whose Grace did straight agree,
That I in Privie-Chamber one should bee.

74.

Then some, like angrie steedes, at mouth did foame,
  To misse the cushion, when I gott rewarde;
But th'Admirall, my spokesman, was at home,
  Who stay'd, his Nephew's safety to regarde.
He was, at all essayes, my perfect friende,
And patron too, unto his dyinge ende.

75.

When men surmis'd that hee would mount on high,
  And seeke the seconde time aloft to match:
Ambitious hearts did sheer him then too nigh:
  Off went his head: they made a quick dispatch.
Butt ever since I thought him sure a beast †
Whoe causelesse labour'd to defile his neste.

* The Battle of Musselburgh was fought 10 Sept. 1547, and the Queen Dowager died in Sept. 1548, so that here is a slight misconception on the part of the poet.

† The Protector, his Brother, is alluded to.

76.

Thus guiltlesse he, through malice, went to pott;
  Not answering for himselfe, nor knowing cause.
'Twas Cromwell's happ, and sure his rightfull lott,
  To make, and suffer, by his proper lawes.
He framed Perillus' bull, therein to frye:
A whipp he made which caus'd himself to crye,

77.

That he deserv'd to drinke as he did brew.
  Thus Draco's statute yett by crueltie
Faultlesse condemned him whose want I rue,
  Because he sheilded me from injurie.
Well, in their service while that I did staye
I woed, I wann, I ware my wife away.

78.

Oft since I thought, that nature well did frame
  That he, who laughs his neighbour's house on fire,
Shall sigh to see his owne consume with flame:
  A just rewarde for soe unjustfull ire.
Herein now lett me warne, and thou shalt see
A wonder of the worlde, if ought may bee.

79.

Howe Somerset, whoe then by equitie
  Protector was, and uncle to the King,
Of treason quitt, yet dyed for felonie.
  Whoe thought not this a lamentable thing?
A pattern rare of singularitie,
And matchlesse! lefte to all posteritie.

80.

Howe manie rascalls for more vile offence,
  Yea foolishe theives, their clergy doe nott crave,
And pardon seeke of course, before and since!
  I think the witts of England then did rave.
What right of lawe alloweth, life to save,
The Duke and all his friends forgott to have.

81.

Ye lawyers! which in office he had plac't,
  Or did support, were surelie then to blame;
As guiltie of his death, you all disgrac't
  Maye nowe of right goe shrowd your heads with shame.
Too farr unlike the men of latter time,
Whose cunninge glosse can shaddowe every crime.

82.

That countrie, friendes, by ignorance of right,
  That lawyers blinded by oblivion,
That such as knewe, should itt conceale of spite,
  Or stayned bee by vile corruption,
That all advantage given he must foregoe:
The case was hard, and yet the truth wee knowe.

83.

But learne, and marke the cause. This Duke did bring.
  His onlie brother to destruction;
Wherefore our God, whoe hated much that thing,
  Did justlie send on him confusion,
And, that noe letts might rise through policie,
Hee turn'd man's witt to meere simplicitie.

84.

Leste in a labyrinthe I rushe unawares,
  I leave * to runn astraye, and sounde retreate.
Harke in the Courte with mee howe eche thing fares,
  Whoe nowe about the King became soe greate,
That I above the rest wann speciall grace
Whereby 'twas hop'd I should advance our race.

85.

For loe! the King's affection was such,
  That hee would jest with mee most merrilie;
And, though thereat my betters still did grutch,
  Yet nerethelesse hee'd use my companie.
Hee, wearied much with Lords, and others moe,
Alone with me into some place would goe.

86.

Lett Sydney, Nevill, and the rest that were
  In Privy-Chamber then butte telle a troth,
If they have seene his likeing any where
  Such as to mee, whoe never felte his wroth.
I liv'd in soe great favour, that my could
Was well nighe joyned then with what I would.

87.

And on a time, when knighted I should bee,
  The King saide, *Kneele*. Yet then I went my way;
Butt straight forth himselfe rann, and spied mee,
  Behind a chest, in lobby where I lay;
And there, against my will, he dubb'd me Knight:
Which was an eye-sore unto some men's sight.

* *i. e.* cease.

88.

When to the King my wife was shew'd, new brought
  To Court (whoe for the nonce was meanlie cladd) :
Hee told her, That I was an husband naught,
  Because hee saw her courtlie robes soe badd.
Butt shee excus'd the fault with povertie
Which mee inforc'd to keepe her beggarlie.

89.

And I reply'd, for her, It was noe waye
  To beare the merchant's stock upon her backe ;
Unlesse I knewe some meanes itt to repaye,
  And us to save from ruine and from wracke.
Hee answer'd, Dost thou want, and blush to crave ?
Of right the tongue-tied man should nothing have.

90.

Butt wee are well contented for to give
  Something of profitte, which thou shall't espye,
Whereby thou shall't bee able for to live,
  If not before some farther helpe we dye.
Rightly of us thou never shall't complayne,
Of travaile ill rewarded for its payne.

91.

My friendes bad mee take time, while time there was ;
  And while the iron was hott to strike the stroke.
The bargeman must not lett the tyde o'erpasse ;
  To proffer d pigge eche man doth ope his poke.
They saide, While Maye doth last, make choice of Maye ;
  Lest, when thou wouldst, she womanly say, Nay.

92.

Lessons late learn'd are freshest in the minde:
  I putt in ure 'gainst dearth to gett some store.
I fear'd lest Fortune should be bald behinde;
  Wherefore I caught her by the lock before.
For Paulers-Pury I did speake, and speede:
'Twas granted mee, for to relieve my neade.

93.

Nowe, something gain'd, I, licens'd to absent
  Myselfe a space, a progresse rode
Unto my friendes: with mee my wife there went:
  And with my Father wee a while abode.
To mee hee shewed good countenance openlie:
Butt yet alone he checkt me bitterlie.

94.

Hee thumpt mee on the breast, and thus begann:
  Sir Knight! Sir knave! a foolish boy you are:
And yett thou think'st thyselfe a goodlie mann!
  Why shouldst thou scorne thy Father's daylie fare?
Or send me worde when I should see thee here?
As whoe should saye, I should provide good cheere.

95.

Too base for thee thou thought'st thy Father's foode.
  But sith 'tis soe, I telle thee in good soothe
My carter's meate I thinke is farre too goode
  For such an one that brings soe daintie toothe.
I see thou grow'st into disdayne of mee:
Wherefore knowe this, I carelesse am of thee.

96.

These taunting termes did trouble much my minde.
  Butt I did sound the cause of all this griefe.
The sore once seene, a plaister I didd finde:
  And after that my staye was very briefe.
Hee thought to him some injurie was done,
That I was Knight before his eldest son.

97.

To Court my eldest Brother then and I
  Did come; yett would I noe man should disdaine
That by my meanes he knighted home didd hie:
  Whereby my Father pleased was againe.
My brother John too, lett it noe mann scorne,
By furtherance mine, King Edward's mann was sworne

98.

When all of us at yeares: when two made Knights:
  When five of us had beene of Parliament:
All forwarde in the worlde: when all these sightes
  Our Father sawe; then summon'd hence hee went.
Noe boot to strive when Death lists hence to call;
Whoe is noe sparinge judge: butt visits all.

99.

Whose want though somewhat I bewayl'd with teares,
  The misse of him yett didd I not discerne:
My losse I could not see through youthfull yeares.
  But all too late at length this I did learne,
That hee whoe seeth his father layde in grave,
May leave to looke soe sure a staffe to have!

100.

I could not mourn aright. My joyes didd flowe:
  The King mee fancied daylie more and more.
For as his yeares soe didd my favour growe:
  Which caus'd me look more statelie than of yore.
Wee see the friendlie countenance of a King
To foolish paradise doth many bring.

101.

I careless waxt of the inferiour sorte:
  Nobilitie I nowe didd much esteeme.
For why? Myselfe begann to beare a porte,
  And I, as then, meere madnesse didd it deeme,
To leave the head, and sue unto the foote:
Because that proofe doth shew 'tis little boote.

102.

I drewe noe water butt att fountaine topp;
  There sought I likeing onelie to attayne:
To beare mee upp I crav'd noe other propp:
  Whome to withstand my foes didd work in vaine.
For my defence I hadd soe sure a sheilde,
That malice, rais'd in rage, with shame didd yeilde.

103.

When some with false reports didd mee accuse,
  And yett could nott inforce his Majestie
His settled fancye thereby to refuse:
  In childish cradle of securitie
I rock'd myselfe asleepe; devoide of care;
For why? I was the King's familiar.

104.

In scornefull guise I spate in Fortune's face:
  A banner of defyance I display'd;
And underfoot I trodd her royall mace,
  As one who then should never neede her ayde.
I badd her take revenge by cankred spyght;
For I contemn'd her power and all her might.

105.

And sure I judg'd Fortune was farr unable
  To fall with mee a tripp that stoode soe faste:
Methought I satt too safe within my saddle
  By yerking or by plunging to bee caste.
Some by authoritie might mee reprove,
And seeke for to unhorse: butt not remove.

106.

When on Northumberland the King 'gann frowne,
  For the Protector's death, and he it view'd;
Straightways hee sought at once to pull mee downe:
  Hee thought I was the mann his bane that brued.
Of all alive he most misdoubted mee,
For that the King and I didd still agree.

107.

Hee much mislik'd our secrette conference,
  The privie whisperings that the King didd use;
Hee thought they little made for his defence,
  And that, alone, the King I didd abuse
With tales. Butt sure of mee hee didd misdeeme,
Whoe thought I drewe not yoaked in his teame.

108.

When such would seeke to hurte, butt could nott harme :
  When as myselfe was plac'd in pillorie
Of pleasures, not too colde, nor yett too warme;
  When, entred on the greice of dignitie,
Hope tickled mee to sitt in Honour's chaire:
When I didd build mee towers in the ayre,

109.

When on the topp of all prosperitie,
  I solace tooke in arbour of delighte :
Then lo! my mirth was chang'd to miserie;
  And I a patterne made of Fortune's spite.
My King, my joyes, at once Death tooke away:
And I inforc'd Queene Mary's dump to play.

110.

This King to others was a lampe of light ,
  Whose fame of right must want an ending daye!
A foe to none! a friende to every wight;
  The skye did gape to catch his soule for prey.
For age he might deserve a riper ende:
Death calls the best, and leaves the worst to mende.

111.

Mourning from Greenwich I didd strayght departe
  To London, to an house which bore our name.
My brethren guessed, by my heavie hearte,
  The King was dead : and I confess'd the same.
The hushing of his death I didd unfolde :
Their meaninge to proclaime Queene Jane I tolde.

112.

And though I lik'd nott the religion
  Which all her life Queene Marye hadd profest,
Yet in my minde that wicked motion
  Right heires for to displace I didd detest.
Causelesse to proffer any injurie
I meant it not, but sought for remedie.

113.

Wherefore from four of us the newes was sent,
  Howe that her brother hee was dead and gone.
In post her goldsmith then from London went,
  By whome the message was dispatcht annon.
Shee asked if wee knewe it certainlie?
Whoe saide, Sir Nicholas knew it verilie.

114.

The author bred the errand's greate mistrust:
  Shee fear'd a traine to leade her to a trapp.
Shee saide, If Robert had beene there, she durst
  Have gag'd her life, and hazarded the happ.
Her letters made, she knewe nott what to doe:
Shee sent them oute, but nott subscrib'd thereto.

115.

When first the Queene was crown'd, I lived well;
  Butt Spaniards came, and Wyatt quicklie rose;
Whoe onelie meant outlandish force to quell:
  To him adherent men didd mee suppose.
When hee had play'd his woefull tragedie;
Then next ensued my bitter comedie.

116.

Whoe tastes noe sweete cannot discerne the soure:
  The bond-childe cann butt little saye for ease:
Whoe sees butt frownes, knowes nott if Fortune lowre:
  Whoe knowes noe earthe, cannott dispraise the seas.
Butt hee whose reste exchanged is for warre
Maye boldlie saye, that peace exceedeth farre.

117.

Then woe to mee! whose happinesse was past!
  With whome the worlde was turned upside downe.
My calme was gone; on rocks my shipp was caste:
  For favour late, all things on mee didd frowne:
A metamorphosis that seemed strange,
My pleasure with such perils to exchange.

118.

Loe! too fond fancies, erst which pleas'd my will,
  Were swallow'd and consum'd in seas of care.
I plung'd on ground of griefe: I gorg'd my fill
  Of homelie food, and yett my daylie fare.
Whoe, for a moment of felicitie,
What man was e'er so plung'd in miserie.

119.

Instede of Court, which comfort latelie bred,
  A close restrainte bridled my libertie;
And I, examin'd, was to Tower led:
  A prisoner there, I wanted companie.
I mist my courtlie mates, and all alone
I was mur'd upp in dampish walls of stone.

120.

Thence, traytor like, I'm brought through every streete,
  With bills conducted to the Common-Hall.
In passing I with friendes and foes didd meete:
  The one didd feare, the other hop'd, my fall.
Ill luck! when all didd hate, or pity mee.
Butt marke what dolefull sight I chanc'd to see!

121.

My Wife, my Mother, and my Brethren there
  Were come to see mee then with watrie eyes:
Mistrustfull love the worst doth alwayes feare;
  Whome when I saw soe passionate in cryes,
Their playntes and mourning noyse I more didd rue
Than losse of life, which might on mee ensue.

122.

Because the Chronicle doth shew at large
  My accusation, and acquittal both,
I meane thereby to ease mee of that charge,
  Lest that my being tedious thou dost loath.
Yett reade it, when thou hast convenient leisure:
Perhaps my passed payne shall bring thee pleasur.

123.

There shalt thou view a president most rife,
  Howe I, arraygn'd of treason, was sett free
By jurors' verdict, nott to loose my life:
  The onelie *a per se* of my degree:
I meane, that was butt of Gentilitie:
Yett few have 'scaped of Nobilitie.

124.

The plunge once past, then was I backe againe
To Tower led; where I remain'd a yeare,
And heard that mee once more they would arraygne:
Which sure, I thought, would touch me very neere.
Butt, sith that passed lawes of equitie,
Amongst the reste I went att libertie.

125.

When this course hadd my stomach overlaide,
I guessed straight what should the second bee:
The fagot I didd feare; and therefore stay'd
Noe long time here: to France I hyed mee.
And there I found what 'tis to be a guest
Abroad, and what to live at home att reste.

126.

When I, whoe first exil'd myselfe through feare,
Hadd soe continued full two yeares and more,
And knewe with patience crosses for to beare;
When I wax'd plyant unto Fortune's lore;
When with all evills I contented grewe;
Then Fortune didd beginn to smyle anewe.

127.

Then Hope didd comfort mee that things would mende,
For after night there dawneth gladsome daye.
Long is the course that never findeth ende:
Ill fortune falls if th'hawke still misse the preye.
Base musick 'tis which changeth nott his note!
Poor miscreant hee who alwayes weares one coate!

128.

Thus Hope, when cares didd kill, didd promise make
  That sorrowes mine, as all thinges else, should cease:
That from my leggs those fetters I should shake,
  And that my glory should thereby increase.
Wee see, the sunn doth noe time shewe soe cleare
As after stormes and cloudes hee doth appeare.

129.

For loe! the mann whoe lent mee lawe of late
  To save my life, and putt himselfe in danger,
Did then advancement gett to mende his state;
  And next didd seeke to appease the Prince's anger:
Whose heavie wrath hee knewe, was bent on mee:
Butt yett att length from that hee sett mee free.

130.

In time himselfe shall stand as much in neede
  To have some helpe; and then shall wish for mee.
Butt sure his case I rue: my heart doth bleede
  To think of that, which thou thyselfe shalt see:
Howe he by wrongfull meanes, for doing right,
Shall justice have, devoide of mercie quite.

131.

Yett then for my avayle, (whoe hidd my face
  From Prince's sight,) my brother didd nott lett
To sue, 'till shee receiv'd mee to her grace,
  And saide all former faults shee didd forgett,
And eke forgive. Soe I return'd agayne:
I mercie crav'd: I mercie did obtayne.

132.

I thus acknowledge, that beyonde my reache
  I intermeddled with the Prince's state,
My betters I didd goe about to teache:
  To Spaniards I didd beare a mortall hate.
My minde was bent to lett their cominge in :
I telle a troth : dissembling is a sinn.

133.

But herein I deserved most the blame;
  The likeing of a Queene I much withstoode:
Her fancie to my minde I sought to frame :
  I thought the cruell Spaniard meant noe goode.
Butt such as thinke to caste beyonde the moone,
Like fooles, are still deceiv'd : and none so soone.

134.

I warp'd the webbe of woe within my loome;
  Whereof when I hadd made confession,
I didd submitt mee to her Highnesse' doome,
  And streight received absolution.
Her clemencie enforc'd mee her to count
My friende whose pity didd my faultes surmount.

135.

And sure Queene Mary was most mercyfull,
  Though nursed upp in superstition,
Was ever English Prince so bountifull
  To subjects ? Marke her restitution,
Nott of their bloode alone, butt of their landes,
Which then remayned in her princelie handes.

136.

When I hadd hadd a breathing time of reste,
  The Queene, unwilling with her husband's foe
To keepe her peace, an armie streight addrest
  To France: among which crewe I needes must goe.
I better thought to doe some service small
Abroade, than heere att home doe none att all.

137.

Virtue I thought was exercis'd in warre:
  Peace nurseth Vice, a mother of Rebellion;
Yea idle Ease the manlie minde doth marre
  With civill sects that breede confusion.
This caus'd the mann that succour sought by flight
To Frenchmen's realme, against them nowe to fight.

138.

When wee with Spaniards wonne St. Quintin's towne,
  And didd enjoye the same to Frenchmen's foyle;
There sicknesse mee, with others, didd caste downe.
  But I, whose health agreed not with their soyle,
Unto my native land return'd with speede,
And there myselfe cheer'd upp: which was butt neede.

139.

Then I, whoe was misliked of the time,
  Obscurelie sought to live; scant seene att all.
Soe farre I was from seekinge upp to climbe,
  As that I thought it well to escape a falle.
Elizabeth I visited by stealthe,
As one whoe wished her quietnesse with healthe.

140.

Repairinge oft to Hatfielde, where shee laye,
My dutye nott to slacke, that I didd owe:
The Queene felle very sicke, as wee hearde saye;
The troth whereof her sister sought to knowe.
That her none might of malice undermine,
A secrett meanes herselfe didd quicklie finde.

141.

Shee sayde, sith nought exceedeth woman's feares,
Whoe still doe dreade some bayte of subtiltie:
Sir Nicholas, knowe, a ringe my sister weares,
Enamel'd blacke; a pledge of loyaltie;
The which the Kinge of Spayne in 'spousalls gave:
If nought falls oute amisse, 'tis this I crave.

142.

Butt narke! ope not your lippes to any one,
In hope itt to obteyne of courtesie,
Unlesse you knowe my sister first bee gone:
For grudging mindes will soone joyne treacherie.
Soe shall thyselfe bee safe, and I bee sure.
Whoe takes noe hurte shall neede noe care of cure.

143.

Her dyeing daye shall thee such creditt gett,
That all will forward bee to pleasure thee,
And none att all shall seeke thy suite to lett.
Butt goe, and come, and looke heere to finde mee.
Thence to the Court I galloped in post,
Where, when I came, the Queene gave upp the ghost.

144.

The ringe receiv'd, my brethren, then whoe laye
  In London towne, with mee to Hatfeilde went:
And as wee rode, there mett us on the waye
  An olde acquaintance, *Hope of advancement;*
A sugar'd bayte, that brought us to our bane:
Butt cheiflie mee, who therewithall was ta'en.

145.

I egged them onn, with promise of rewarde:
  I thought, if neither creditt or some gayne
Fell to their share, the worlde went very harde.
  Yet reckoned I without mine hoste, in vaine.
Whoe chickens count before the hen doth hatch,
Of all their broode have oft noe better catch.

146.

When to the Court I and my brethren came,
  My newes was stale; butt yet she knewe it true.
Butt see howe crosslie thinges begann to frame!
  The Cardinal dyed! whose death thy friendes maye rue.
For then Lord Grey and I were sent in hope
To finde some writings to or from the Pope.

147.

Wee found a note howe many men were burn'd:
  Small treasure there, for ought that wee could see.
When wee, from search of written scrolls, return'd,
  Cheife-Butlershipp reserved was for mee.
Excepting that, all offices were gone:
The fruites were pull'd, and all the birds were flown.

148.

Nowe when I sawe my latter reckoning falle
  Soe short of that I made account before,
It troubled and did greatlie mee appalle;
  It sham'd mee with my friendes: it griev'd mee sore.
Butt time, I thought, this blemish would outweare,
And where there was defaulte, the same repaire.

149.

As flowing floods recourse unto the seas,
  Soe Princes' guiftes eche daye return agayne;
And I, whoe knewe my Prince's minde to please,
  O' th' Checquer then was made a Chamberlayne.
And when the Judge of Chester towne was gone,
There placed was, with fee, my brother John.

150.

With trifles then I pleasured my friendes:
  For thinges of valew were bestowed att first.
Wherefore they made contentment of odde endes:
  Small beere doth serve their turne whoe are athirst.
For mee there hapt a farre unluckie chance;
Whoe streight was sent Ambassadour to France.

151.

And on St. Michael's Feast, while I didd staye,
  The French Kinge kept a princelie royaltie;
And to his Court all leigers there that laye
  Were brought, and feasted with solemnitie.
First placed was the Pope's Ambassadour;
And next the leiger of the Emperour.

152.

Their leiger Portugall with me didd jarre;
  Hee stepped in to take the upper place
Of mee; butt that was like our feast to marre:
  For I in furie struck him on the face.
I pull'd him downe, and told him, Verilie
My Queene should never lose her sovereigntie;

153.

And sith that place my Prince's was of right,
  Nor hee, nor yett his King should her imbase;
In whose behalfe I challeng'd him to fight:
  My stomach could nott suffer such disgrace.
Butt by the Kinge that quarrell was appeas'd;
I hadd the place; and so my mind was eased.

154.

And when the time of my returne drewe neare,
  The number of the Protestants grewe greate;
Butt their increase the King begann to feare;
  And them with grievous punishments didd threate.
Then rigour rul'd, and banisht was remorse,
'Till they in armes didd save themselves *per force*.

155.

And soe the Kinge laye then in Orleans;
  Of whome I sought some audience to have:
For I hadd weightie thinges of importance:
  Wherefore of him safe-conduct I did crave.
Sith all his realme on hurlie-burlie was,
I thought alone I might nott safelie pass.

156.

I hadd a daye assigned mee to come,
  With sixteene hundred men of Paris towne;
Whoe marcht, like May-game soldiers, with a drum,
  Bravelie sett oute, like menn of high renowne.
Their purse was full; they hadd receiv'd their paye:
Butt they, and theirs, were to their foes a prey.

157.

For lo! the Admirall hadd notice gott
  Howe many menn, what time, and eke which waye
Wee came. That thinge once knowne, hee slackened nott,
  Butt hastened on, our journey for to staye,
With horsemen, well appointed for the warre;
And, scarce eight hundred, hee our sport didd marre.

158.

A bloodie cruell massacre hee made:
  Scant one of sixteen hundred scapt alive.
The spoyle was greate; whereof his menn were gladd.
  These blades were priestes the simple nunns to shrive.
And first of all the horsemen towards mee rann;
And chang'd my place into a serving mann.

159.

Butt see! beyonde my hope my luckie happ!
  They came to keepe, whoe I suppos'd would kill;
And I, whoe deem'd myselfe ta'en in a trapp,
  Was safe: For mee, or mine, noe mann might spill.
The Admirall to mee didd safeguarde sende:
Because my Queene, in truth, their chiefest friende.

160.

Whilst I was stayed with him I made such shifte
  That I unknowne wrote letters to the Kinge,
And safelie sent them forth by secrett drifte:
  My prisoner state in piteous wordes waylinge:
I crav'd that hee would seeke my libertie,
Or to my Queene he offered injurie.

161.

And, after that a seconde skirmishe felle,
  Wherein the Protestants the better gott.
The Admirall persued the chace soe well,
  That still the spitefull Papist went to pott.
Yea then the Prince of Condé, whoe was loath
Idle to reste, from footmen's safeguard goeth.

162.

When hee was gone, whoe would not lose the spoyle,
  In came the Duke of Guise for rescue then.
When hee perceiv'd his friendes were putt to foyle,
  Unto the campe came hee with all his menn.
Hee ransackt all; and into every tente,
A searching for some hidden foes hee went.

163.

There, writing my mishapp unto the Queene,
  Att length hee found mee, captive-like (for all
My crewe was weaponlesse, as prisoners been),
  And thus with bitter wordes on mee didd call:—
Thou girded gown-man, with thy pen in hande,
Dost best deserve to dye, of all the lande.

164.

Beyonde the policie of Michaiavel
  Thou didst the Councellors of France o'erreache;
Their doings thou didst undermine with wyle;
  And what thou knew'st to rebells diddst appeache.
Thou notice gavest; thou led'st us with a traine,
To their good happ: and to thy endlesse payne.

165.

The soldiers cried, never changing note,
  'Tis shame to lett the English devil live!
With greedie haste they rann to gore my throate;
  I lookt that mee of breath they would deprive.
Butt then the Duke, whoe knewe the lawe of armes,
Didd sheilde both mee and mine from present harmes.

166.

Noe certaine proofe, butt bare presumption,
  Could mee as guiltie of that facte accuse.
Some, causelesse, thought I sought effusion
  Of bloode; and that the Kinge I didd abuse.
Whoe to my Queene wrote greate complayntes of mee:
Which all untruths I proved well to bee.

167.

And when I thence return'd without rewarde,
  Att home my foes their neste hadd feather'd softe:
To foreigne service menn gave small regarde.
  And then my underlings were capt aloft.
They, whoe in absence-mine didd profitt gett,
Suppos'd my presence surelie them would lett.

168.

Wherefore they wrought that I might be imploy'd
  Abroad, in dwelling-place of daylie dangers;
And by that meanes I little reste enjoy'd,
  And lesser safetie founde with trustlesse strangers.
To serve my Prince yett I was well contente,
Howe oft, or wheresoever I was sente.

169.

When open warre 'twixt us and Fraunce begann,
  Chatillion th' Admirall with us didd joyne.
Newhaven towne when worthy Warwicke wann,
  Then was I sente for to transporte some coyne,
And as Ambassadour to treate of peace;
That deadlie hate and bloudie warres might cease.

170.

First I conferred with the Admirall,
  Whoe presentlie the battle made att Dreux;
Butt when I sawe his side was like to falle,
  I meant nott to bee ta'en, if I could chuse.
Unto a ladies lodge, where I didd lye
The night before, for succour didd I flye.

171.

Butt to the Duke of Guise shee mee betray'd:
  Whoe kept mee prisoner close within a tower.
There I from 'scaping was with fetters stay'd,
  Untill hee knewe I was Ambassadour.
Hee then for anger att the mouth didd foame;
Yett safelie suffered mee to retyre home.

172.

Moreover I was sent to Scotland twice.
  Noe causelesse warre ensued my going first.
'Twas time, and just occasion, bad us rise
  In armes: butt soldiers that for warre do thirst,
When I should come againe didd nothing grieve:
They saide, I carryed warre within my sleeve.

173.

They didd mee all the honour might bee hadd:
  Above they greeted mee with ordinance.
When to the gates I came, the soldiers gladd
  Didd smyle on mee with cheerfull countenance.
Some inkling they hadd heard before of warre:
Butt when I came they thought it was nott farre.

174.

And shortlie after Drury prov'd itt true:
  Hee Edenborough Castle, and the towne,
With force didd take.* Hee made his foes to rue
  Their bragging boasts; whoe still were beaten downe.
When peace did spring, and cruell warre was past,
Then I obtein'd more quiett reste at last.

175.

And liveing in the Court, the Queene would use,
  In weightiest matters, my advice to crave.
And I to telle my minde durst nott refuse,
  Butt, looke! what course I thought was best I gave.
If soe itt felle that I didd disagree
With th' Lords of Council, they would chafe att mee.

* Here is another mistake in chronology: Sir William Drury's invasion of Scotland was in 1573, three years after Sir Nicholas Throckmorton's death.

176.

Yett, afterwards, if any greate demande
  Or suite was made, whereto the Queene saide, Noe:
If once a thinge mislik'd shee didd commande,
  Into a common bye-worde itt didd growe,
That weasel-face Throckmorton hadd beene there.
Soe I, though guiltlesse, all the blame didd beare.

177.

And, when the Chancellor of the Dutchy Lande
  Was dead, the Queene didd promise mee that place.
Wherefore, my thinges to order oute of hande,
  I rode from Court, and tarried too long space.
When I return'd, I knewe the office gone;
To Presence-Chamber I repayr'd annon.

178.

And sure the Queene I maye nott rightlie blame;
  Butt I am bounde to thanke the gentilman
Whoe in my absence needes would begg the same:
  By whome I lodge on pallett, as his mann.
His overthrowe, for feigned flatterie,
Shall wished bee of my posteritie.

179.

And though he stands as doth the mightie oake,
  Whose branches coverts are whole heardes to keepe:
An arbour hee for heate; for stormes a cloake;
  Yett maye it bee hee shall nott shroude a sheepe.
The branches spreading broade menn soonest lapp:
On hills most often hitts the thunder clapp.

180.

Hereafter, one of mine shall hope his harme,
  And speake too soone the thinge his heart would wish.
Butt witt too dearlie bought his tongue shall charme;
  Whose faulte shall oft bee layed in his dishe.
And hee shall knowe that colde and malice take
More suddenlie than any they forsake.

181.

Nowe to myselfe; of whom thou wondrest soe,
  That I, whoe was a Courtier all my dayes,
And whome the Queene had knowen soe longe agoe,
  And whome shee readie found att all assayes,
Was never yett advanc'd in dignitie;
Nor much enriched by prosperitie.

182.

Yett there have many Courtiers beene of late,
  Whoe, for small service, and in lesser time,
Have rose to wealth, and mended soe their state,
  As to the topp of honour they could clymbe.
Butt Fortune was resolv'd on mee to frowne:
Shee sett mee upp; shee best might keepe mee downe.

183.

Her meanes was this. A barre laye on my backe
  Which held mee lowe, and cloy'd my winges with leade.
False friendes, as well as foes, brought mee to wracke:
  Or else I never could have hung the heade.
My deedes were scann'd, which spitefull eyes didd note,
In hopes to spye some hole within my coate.

184.

When last in armes the Northern Rebells rose;
  When Norfolkes Duke committed was to Towre:
Then loe! was warp'd the webbe of all my woes;
  And then approacht my wretched lucklesse houre.
In prison putt, not thinking of the same,
Where none might visitt mee that bare my name.

185.

Six times the Council didd examine mee,
  As one consenting to the practices
Of Rebells. Butt I clear'd myselfe most free
  From all their treasons, and their villainies.
I prov'd the Councillors knewe as much as I:
For otherwise I hadd beene sure to dye.

186.

My faulte, if that I made a faulte, was this:
  I knewe with pen one woed a prisoned Queene.
To beate a dogg small cause sufficient is:
  A staffe is easilie found to wreake our teene.
He peaching scap'd, and Council bare noe blame:
'Twas I, who neither was, had all the shame.

187.

Return'd I was to prison back againe;
  Where, that I might nott loathe to live alone,
Both pensive thoughts and hurtfull sighes didd reigne;
  Assisting still my broken heart to moane:
Nott for because I wanted libertie:
To mee hard prisons were noe noveltie.

188.

To have my foe my judge was cause of griefe;
  For festered hate with envious eye doth looke.
This something was: butt yett the occasion cheife
  Why troubles these with ease I could nott brooke
Was this, that menn shoulde deeme mee of their traine
Whoe traytors were unto my Sovereign.

189.

What canker'd happ hadd I, whoe from my youth
  Hadd beene esteemed of her Majestie!
Whoe long hadd knowne, and oft hadd try'd, my troth,
  Which ne'er was stayned by dishonestie.
I made noe compt of life to doe her goode;
Butt n greate danger to her standarde stoode.

190.

For most assured service, wanting reste:
  For faithe, for loyaltie, for dutie done:
For honest heart, obedient to her hest:
  For which desert, is this requital done?
To bee imprisoned, causelesse, in the ende?
To justest mindes such thankes howe canst thou sende

191.

Butt what can I suppose this doing is
  My Queene, whoe favour'd mee beyonde deserte?
Of whome my minde hath never thought amisse:
  Noe, noe! my foes have wrought the same by arte.
And though my lott was fram'd by destinie,
Yett Hope thereto brought mee by flatterie.

192.

With glaring eyes she brought mee to the viewe
  Of honour, creditt, and excessive gaine;
Of courtlie dames, with sweete and heavenlie hue;
  Of haughtie lookes of pompe, which beares a traine
Of rich attyre imboss'd with beaten golde;
Of rare delightes, of pleasures manifolde.

193.

These hidden hookes were they that didd the feate:
  These pleasant snares didd egge mee to the Court;
These 'ticeing baites, as mice doe wish to eate,
  These mee with hope of prey un'wares didd sporte.
These open signes foretell the contrarie:
The garlande stands but for a mockerie.

194.

The Court Medusa is for face most faire;
  Whose head the glittering tinsell doth attyre:
Yett thence spring poisoned snakes, instead of hayre:
  Her ground unsure as is the quaking mire.
There didd I finde the shadowes didd beguile,
Led in by flattering Hope, by subtile wyle.

195.

Desire to rise corrupteth youth in prime:
  She harbours swelling pride in all menn's heartes:
The envious neste and mother of all crime:
  Religion's foe; the moulde of all my smartes.
Shee hatcheth in the brayne such fantasies,
As dailie turne to wicked practices.

196.

Thou cursed Hope! which fawninge diddst allure
  Mee still to feede on thinges of little trust!
Vaine are thy shewes! thy signalls are unsure,
  And like the windes that ne're continue juste!
Butt vainer they who seeme to creditt thee,
Whoe art the ground of all uncertantie.

197.

Were it nott thou pretendest better still,
  Wee could content ourselves to live in thrall,
And take as well in wrath our wonted ill,
  As they their sowre whoe taste noe sweete att all.
Butt whiles by thee wee gape for to bee serv'd,
Wee hazard soonest to bee hunger-starv'd.

198.

Ah wretched Hope! thou mother of mishapp!
  Which ever turnst the best into the worst!
Thy branches neither yeilde leaves, fruite, or sapp,
  Butt barren barke; and therefore still accurst!
Whose smileing cheere is mixt with most deceite,
Wherewith the fonde are drawne into the baite.

199.

Thou, Hope! doest seeme to ravish with delighte!
  And yett thy driftes are nothinge butt delayes!
Eche due deserte, and eche apparente righte,
  Thou holdest backe with dilatorie pleas!
Therefore bewitched most of all are they,
Whoe with thy promises are ledd astraye.

200.

The harmlesse birde that lighteth on the lyme,
  In hope of life doth wrest above her force;
Whereby, at length, before her fixed tyme,
  She yeildeth upp her silly fainting corse!
Butt wer't nott Hope thatt fedd her thoughts in vaine,
Shee would nott seeke to hasten soe her payne!

201.

The fearefull hare doth gird before the hound
  Amaine, in hope to escape the bloudie chase!
The nimble doe through thicke and thinn doth bound
  To save her life, yett quaileth in her race!
Thus trustlesse Hope procureth thinges to strive
Above their reache, halfe deade and halfe alive!

202.

What boots the fowle within the faulcon's clawes
  To struggle much? hee maye nott once resiste.
What hopes the prey within the lyon's pawes?
  To wish to live, or hope to be dismiste?
Noe helpe! For nought availes their hopes, I saye,
Whose contraries doe cutt the same awaye.

203.

For, as the hives which honey never holde;
  Or as the fire which warmeth ne'er a whitt;
Or else as clothes which doth defende noe colde;
  Is Hope: which oft doth rather hurte, than hitt.
Then, sith I see the same soe fruitlesse is;
Fye! fye! on Hope! farewell both hee, and his.

204.

Adieu! beguilefull Hope! Come on Despaire
  Of worldlie weale! thee I must entertaine!
In everie sphere appeares the cloudie aire:
  The skyes above have bent themselves to raine.
Of righte I must acquainte myselfe with Care:
My lodge! my friende! my servant! and my fare.

205.

Sith I am thought a traytor unto Her
  Whoe mee, belike, condemneth to the same:
Howe could shee else have kept me prisoner
  Unlesse shee thought I didd deserve some blame?
And sith 'tis soe, O Death! flinge oute thy darte!
This corrosive consumes mee to the hearte!

206.

If thou with quicke dispatch wilt not make haste,
  By fatall clapp to ridd my wretched life;
Yett restlesse thoughts my bodie soe shall waste
  That soakinge sighes shall shortlie ende the strife.
And I the porte of reste shall gaine at laste,
There safe to sitt in spite of Fortune's blaste.

207.

In prisonn I hadd nott continued longe
  Butt I might see my happie houre drawe neare:
An houre to ende att once both griefe and wronge;
  And when I knewe my short abiding heere,
That sorrowe mee remedylesse would kille,
With faintinge hande I wrote my woeful wille.

208.

And firste of Care, my oulde and fastest friende,
  This one and laste requeste I needes would crave,
Wherto noe Naye, but hee must condescende
  To undertake the charge that I him gave :
I will'd he should performe my obsequies ;
And then beginn to dole my miseries.

209.

To Care I first bequeathe my worldlie happs :
  My solitarie, melancholie moodes :
My dolefull thoughts, which hinder quiett nappes,
  These are the chiefest parcell of my goodes.
My heavie heade, which was a shopp of wares
Fraught still with quainte conceiptes, and dailie cares :

210.

My throbbing hearte, with scalding sighes halfe worne ;
  My frowning lookes, procur'd by inward griefe ;
My carcase leane, with pensivenesse forlorne ;
  My flesh, consuminge cleane without releife :
These, bound in conscience, I to thee restore,
Of whome the same I didd receive before.

211.

My hollowe eyes, my pale and shrivel'd skinn,
  My grey-growne haires amidst my youthfull prime,
My aching bones, and all that is therein,
  Give them whome griefe makes oulde before their time.
My ill-lucke, loe ! I doe bequeath itt whole
Unto my foes ; for whome it is too goode a dole.

212.

My honest hearte, from villanie most free,
  All my goode partes of bodie or of minde,
I doe command to bee entomb'd with mee :
  For which the world hath little use behinde.
My tongue, which closelie sorrowe didd conceale,
I wishe them whoe in vaine their woe reveale.

213.

My lightnesse I returne to womankinde,
  The workers of our woe, from whence itt came ;
Wherewith all manlie virtues from our minde
  Are quite exil'd, or blemish'd with the same.
And, where all mourners' weedes of blacke have beene :
My friendes ! instede of blacke, mourne ye in greene !

214.

Thou Care ! alone, shall bringe mee to my grave.
  And, sith my parentage itt is nott base,
Prepare one banner of my armes to have,
  Perteining to my most unluckie race.
What armorie itt is that I maye beare,
Beholde ! a perfecte blaze ensueth heere.

215.

A glittering feilde of riche alluring golde,
  Where Fortune blinde doth vaunte her whirling wheele,
On base pointe sable shee a wretch doth holde ;
  And in contempte, she spurnes him with her heele.
Whose naked limbes portend a naked troth :
Allthough his place shewes miserie and wroth.

216.

And soe, when this unlook'd for prisonment,
  A coolinge carde in midest of jollitie,
Hadd quenched all hope of high preferment
  With running flouds of sudden miserie:
When Care, whoe lik't his soyle, hadd ta'en such roote,
That him to move it was butt little boote;

217.

When I hadd, in my will, resolv'd to dye:
  Then, loe! my Wife soe earnestlie didd sue,
That I att length was sett at libertie,
  With helpe of Middlemore and Killigrewe:
Whoe both were of the Privy-Chamber then;
Yett heretofore hadd beene my waiting-menn.

218.

Love then infring'd all dutyfull obeysance:
  My wife abas'd mee to mine enemie,
Humblie entreating my deliveraunce:
  Yett I commanded her the contrarie.
I would nott yeilde, allthough I were too weake:
The sturdiest oake doth never bende butt breake.

219.

Butt thus hee proudlie answered then my wife:
  Although your husbande, Madame, bee the mann,
Whoe by my helpe would nought in all his life
  Vouchsafe to take: yett, doe hee all hee cann,
Hee shall bee nowe behoulden unto mee:
And by my meanes his freedome you shall see.

220.

That hee shoulde bee a meanes mee free to sett,
  Assure thyselfe my greife itt was nott small.
With feigned cheerfull face yett didd I jett,
  And look'd as one that was nott griev'd att all.
When Death of breath depriv'd Lord Treasurer.
Then I with him was joyned a mourner.

221.

When, as to Paules we waited on the herse,
  Instede of mourninge talke to mourninge gowne,
Eche didd beginn oulde grudges to rehearse:
  Both wearie of the other's houlding downe.
Our hearts through private conference didd relent:
To bury wrongs forepast both were content.

222.

When 'twas perceiv'd that wee begann to agree;
  Then, loe! both Lords and many others sought
That wee would change our state to amitie:
  Whereto wee yeilded both. Yett this I thought;
Whosoe believes a foe late reconcil'd
Is for the most parte spitefullie beguil'd.

223.

Nowe this attonement was but newelie made,
  When cruell catt with captive mouse gann playe:
A certaine rule that joyes begann to fade,
  And that the silly mouse should bee a preye.
For Fortune dandled mee within her lapp,
Whome most shee sought to speede with fatall clapp.

224.

Shee gave oute friendlie speeche, that I should bee
  Of Privie-Councill, and Vice-Chamberlayne:
Butt shee meant, by the sequell you maye see,
  That all her shewes were cyphers sett in vaine.
Her irefull hate, that mee with force supprest,
Was then dispos'd in scornfull guise to jest.

225.

And shee with crosse mishapps soe settled Care,
  Whoe dailie wasted both my lunges and hearte;
That flesh was fallen, and bones were all most bare,
  Which promise made with speede to ende my smart.
And when 'twas knowne that longe I could nott live;
Noe soule would spare sweete friendlie wordes to give.

226.

Was ever mann so bounde to Sovereigne
  As I to mine, whoe in extremitie
Did send both doctors for to ease my payne,
  A comforte greate to cure my corrosie!
Butt physick came in vaine, when I was kill'd!
Too late to keele when all the milke is spill'd.

227.

Soe didd I yeilde to happie Death his fee;
  Whoe in my life didd seeke to beare some swaye:
Butt never could from worldlie cares bee free,
  'Till buried in a quiett grave I laye.
The swelling barnes are nott soe full of cornes,
As greate estates are sett with prickling thornes.

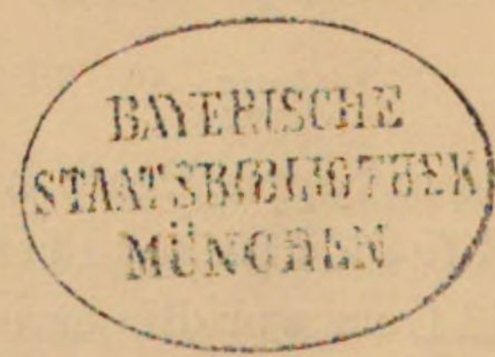
228.

Wherefore, sith burned childe maye well his friende
  Beware, lest hee bee scorcht in flaming fire,
I wish thou shouldst thine errours late amende,
  And from those dangerous thoughts thyselfe retire.
Diogenes liv'd safelie in his celle;
And thou, in Littleton, mayest safelie dwelle.

229.

Recount my Life by yeares, by monthes, by houres;
  Seeke oute eche dramm and scruple of true joye,
My sweetes layde out untold; my bitter soures
  Will poyze eche goode with ounces of annoye.
In this account I give thee nowe alone:
My stint is paste; and I must needes bee gone.

FINIS.



WESTMINSTER:
PRINTED BY NICHOLS AND SONS,
25, PARLIAMENT STREET.

Nichols, John Gough, 1806-1873

The legend of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton Edited, and restored from various mss., by the late John Gough Nichols. [Auch m. d. Tit.:] Throckmorton's ghost

London 1874